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**THE LIFE OF**  
**LUCY TEMPLE,**



**DAUGHTER**  
**OF**  
**CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.**



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LUCY TEMPLE



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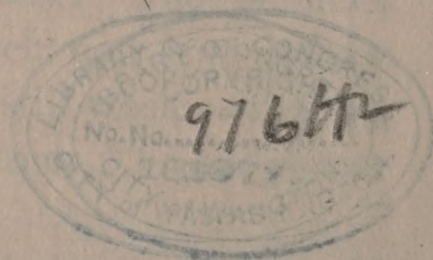


THE HISTORY  
OF  
LUCY TEMPLE,  
DAUGHTER OF  
CHARLOTTE TEMPLE

AN ACCOUNT  
OF  
HER PATHETIC YOUNG LIFE'S TRIALS, HER LOVE  
AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED  
FROM THE  
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT BIOGRAPHY

*John B. Bacon*



PHILADELPHIA:  
BARCLAY & CO., PUBLISHERS,  
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THE HISTORY

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LUCKY TEMPLE

DAUGHTER OF

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE

AN ACCOUNT

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## HISTORY OF LUCY TEMPLE,

## THE UNFORTUNATE

## DAUGHTER OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.

**An Account of her Life and Misfortunes, Collated and Abridged from the Original Manuscript Biography.**

## CHAPTER I.

## INTRODUCTION.

**E**VERY one, nearly, has read the life of Charlotte Temple, that most unfortunate of women. It is our task to write the history of her daughter Lucy.

In the street commissioners' office there is an old "plan of the city of New York," surveyed in 1767, by Bernard Ratzer, lieutenant in the Sixtieth British Regiment. On that map the present Division street is laid down as a rope-walk; and where it joined the Bowery lane, between Division and Henry streets, there are represented the garden-walks and homestead of a flourishing farm, with a large orchard stretching away towards the east. Immediately opposite to the homestead, on the west side of Bowery lane, is portrayed an irregular building, apparently of some pretensions. Here lived, before the Revolution, an angel of peace and mercy, who has come down in history, only, as Mrs. Beauchamp. Hard by, in the rear of this irregular building, is laid down the plan of another of humbler pretensions, and seemingly a plain farm house. The premises closely adjoin, and both of them occupy the small block now bounded by Pell and Dryer streets. A portion of the latter house still remains near its original position, and is now called the "Old Tree House," on the corner of Pell street.

In the year 1774 this locality was still a rural neighborhood. On a cold and snowy evening in the fall of that year there came out from the farm house last mentioned a young and tender woman, only a short year previous the flower of a happy home in Old England, but now soiled, and



crushed, and blighted, a homeless, wretched wanderer, driven by hard hearts out into the darkness and storm, to go she knew not whither.

Over the history and fate of that poor wanderer, how many sorrowing tears have fallen on every old-fashioned hearthstone of our own fair land! Yes, they were sorrowful, yet true and blessed tears, for they were the pure and charitable and sisterly tributes of our mothers of old. Good souls! they were the women of ninety years ago. Ah, me! are there tears yet in woman's heart, for any such erring homeless wanderers of to-day?

If our silver-haired mothers could once more read that page, they would tell us that the heroine was that Charlotte Temple whom Montroville had lured from her happy home, and that Madame Crayton was the former heartless governess, La Rue, who had aided the equally heartless Montroville in the ruin which he had wrought. They would narrate the death-scene of a few days subsequent, and the heartfelt sympathy of Mrs. Beauchamp, which smoothed the dying pillow of the wanderer, and they would then lead us to Trinity church-yard to witness the last scene of all—the burial of the victim, and the remorse of Montroville.

In that humble grave, under the shadow of Trinity spire, let us leave Charlotte Temple to her rest, while we follow the events of after years, and trace the career of the beautiful offspring of this unhallowed alliance.

Charlotte's destroyer, Montroville, as we have seen, had married Julia Franklin, the belle of New York, and the daughter of that wealthy merchant after whom Franklin square was named. He remained here with his regiment during the Revolution, and returned to England at the evacuation of the city, to receive the thanks of royalty for his services, and to dash into the world of splendor and gayety. He had been promoted to the rank of colonel of artillery, and had readily complied with the wish of a rich relative of his American wife to change his family name to that of Franklin. When the eldest son of this marriage had arrived at manhood, he had been commissioned a lieutenant in His Majesty's army.

After the death of Charlotte, Mr. Temple, her father, returned to England with the hapless offspring she had left. All old-fashioned people who are conversant with Mrs. Rowson's simple narrative of these events will remember that Captain Blakeney was the early friend of Charlotte's parents and of herself. The historian of her daughter, Lucy Blakeney, has before him at this writing the "Royal Kalendar," in which his name is thus recorded: "Grice Blakeney—Lt. Colonel—14th Dragoons—; commissioned Nov. 17, 1780."

After the war, he also returned to England, and continued to the child Lucy the friendship which he had borne to her grandparents and to her unfortunate mother. At his death he left to Lucy the whole of his property, amounting to over \$100,000. But this he bequeathed to his little favorite on condition that she took the name and arms of Blakeney.

About two years after his bequest, Lucy became indeed an orphan, by



the death of both her grandparents, and by their wish was left to the future care of the Rev. Mr. Mathews, the incumbent of a quiet rural rectory.

Under the fostering care of her kind guardian, Lucy grew up into womanhood a lovely being blest with her mother's entrancing beauty, and an amiability and purity of disposition reflecting great credit on the teachings of Mr. Mathews.

## CHAPTER II.

### GUARDIAN AND WARD.

**N**EXT Thursday week is your birthday, my dear child," said Rev. Mr. Mathews to his ward one June morning at the breakfast table. "Yes, kindest of guardians, I shall be nineteen years of age. Almost a woman," replied Lucy, lifting to his a face beautiful and pure as an angel's.

"Dear me," continued the good man, lapsing into a dreamy state of retrospect. "It seems but yesterday that your grandmother called me to her bedside and, with the death dew dampening her pallid cheek, placed in my charge her little granddaughter, with a solemn injunction to train her in a God-fearing way and ever watch with jealous eye her welfare. You were a little girl then. Now, as you say, you are almost a woman. Nay, quite, in thought and purpose. You have been a very good child, and our companionship has been marked by mutual love. Your young life has passed very quietly, very soberly. I was reflecting over the incidents of the past this day, and I have determined to allow you to celebrate the anniversary of your birth in a manner becoming your age and station. It is high time you had other companions than a didactic old clergyman, who years ago relinquished all pleasures of the physical life for the diviner joys of God's ministry!"

"Nay, dear sir," rejoined Lucy, speaking with evident truth and feeling, "say not so. I should ever be content to remain as I am. I crave no other pleasures than the society of my dear guardian, and care not for friends but you, my kindest mentor."

"Tut, tut! Would you become a nun, see nothing of the world, of society, of the opposite sex? I shall begin to believe, if you persist in your determination not to go among the world's people, that so many years' companionship with me has aged the buoyancy of your spirit, chilled the warm energy of your heart."

"Would you then have me break asunder this tie which has become so dear, and in the whirling vortex of fashionable dissipation learn to hate the



life so fruitful of purity of thought and action, despise the teachings you have so patiently striven to inculcate in my mind?" asked Lucy, her lip trembling and her blue eyes moistening with tears of reproachful sadness.

"No, no! You misconstrue me. I would have you rather avoid a life so hollow and vain, so full of deceits and hypocrisies, so replete with shame and sadness, misery and remorse. There are other pleasures, my dear child, than those burdensome obligations imposed upon the votaries of fashion. Pure and innocent recreations, which are healthful stimulants to the growth of character and disposition. I would indeed rather have you become a nun than lose that sweetness of temper, that purity of thought, that gentleness of disposition, so prominently characteristic of your life, in a giddy, whirling round of dissipation and perhaps folly."

"Then, dear guardian, allow me always to remain near you. I seek no other pleasure, crave no better companion."

"True, Lucy, true. You always shall be near me, or until such time as our Maker sees fit to separate us. But it is nevertheless my duty to you, and in obedience to the commands of your grandparents, that now, having reached mature age, I allow you to see more of the world than has heretofore been your portion."

"As you will, sir," acknowledged Lucy. "I know that whatever you may advise is for the best."

"I have been thinking," now that he had won her over to an acquiescence in his plans for her future, observed the clergyman, "that a proper way to effect your introduction to society, and at the same time allow me to pay laudable tribute to your goodness and love and obedience, would be to celebrate your nineteenth birthday in a social gathering of such suitable companions as my knowledge of the world would induce me to recommend as fit associates for you."

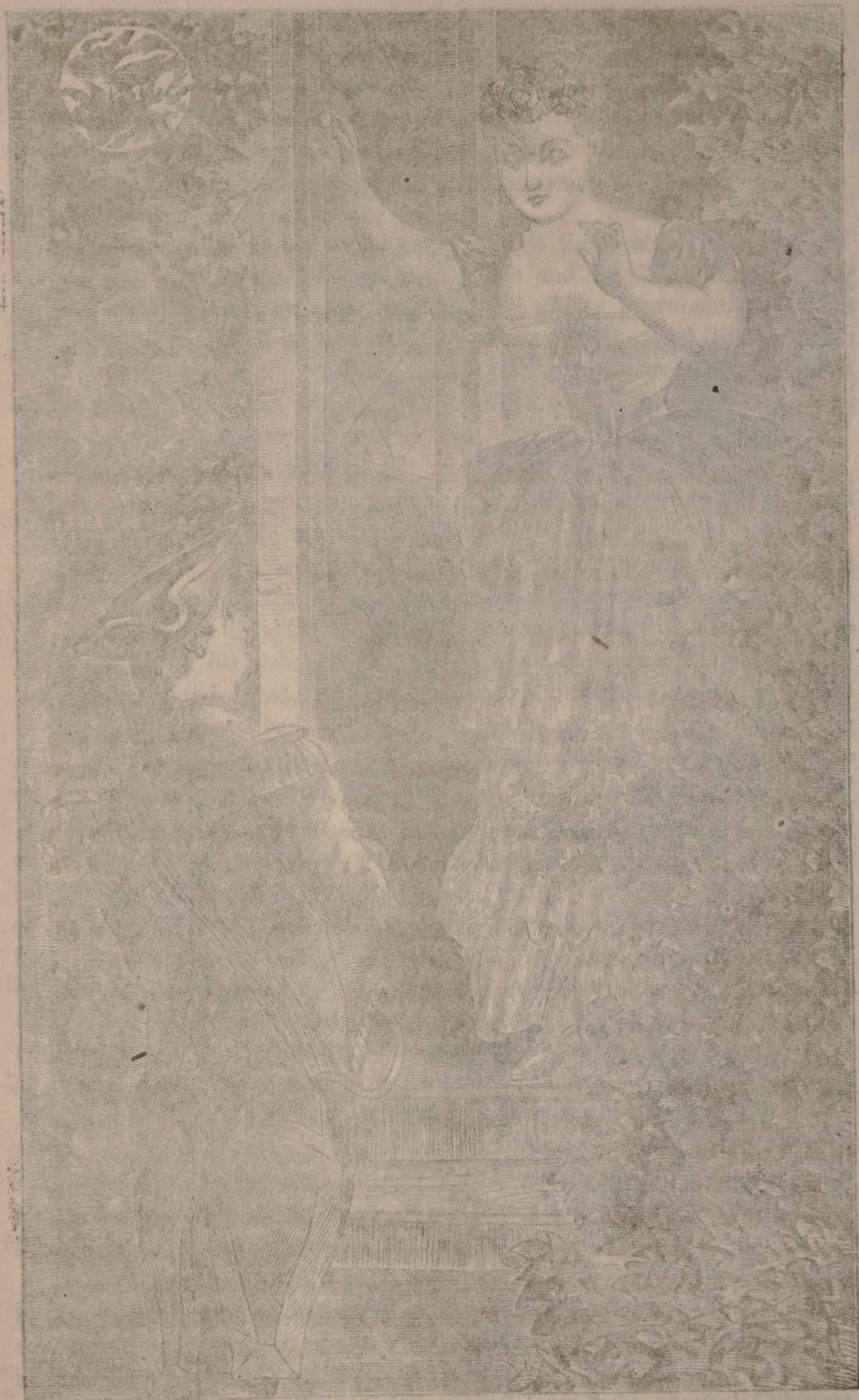
"A real party, with dancing and music and flowers and a collation!" cried the young girl, coming from behind her former barrier of reserve. "Oh! my kind guardian, you are ever thinking how to increase my enjoyments."

"There, there! I thought that a little kindly persuasion would incline you to participate in the rational enjoyments of life," said the old clergyman. "A kiss from those pure lips and the sight of you happy is sufficient payment for all the trouble I take to please you."

"You shall have the first now, and at the party you shall see that the last wish is gratified," said Lucy, rising from the table and coming over to the clergyman's chair. He put up his hands and drawing her young face down to his, kissed again and again the fair cheek as yet untinted with the scarlet flush of shame, thinking meanwhile that never had been so beautiful and loving a creature about him as Lucy Blakeney.

"Would you then have me break asunder this tie which, as become so dear, and in the whirling vortex of fashionable dissipation learn to hate the





Sie lauschte auf den einklingigen Klang seiner Stimme.—S. 38.  
 She listened to the eloquent pleadings of his voice.—Page 38.





She listened to the eloquent pleadings of his voice.—Page 38.  
Sie lauschte auf den eindringlichen Klang seiner Stimme.—Seite 38.



## CHAPTER III.

## THE YOUNG DRAGOONER.

**I**N the vicinity of the rectory was at this time encamped a body of dragoons. The soldiery gave a life and bustle to the plodding little village in which Lucy had grown up to womanhood, quite the reverse of its ordinary character. Parties and balls—before the advent of the dragoons almost unknown—were now of frequent occurrence, and the gay uniforms of the troops were always welcome guests at whatsoever house they chose to visit.

It was generally conceded in the mess-room that the most dashing of their company was Lieutenant Franklin, at the time our story opens in his twenty-third year. He was very reckless and wild, and drank and gamed and flirted, and never seemed to tire or sate of dissipation. This would seem to unfit him for the duties and responsibilities of a soldier. On the contrary, a call to duty found him fresh and clear-headed. His tastes were epicurean in all his debaucheries, and it was a common subject of remark among his comrades that, “drunk or sober, Franklin was a gentleman.”

Since his command had been stationed in this part of the country, having little active duty to engage his attention, Lieutenant Franklin had gone to excess more than once in the gratification of his animal pleasures. He had won and lost heavily at the gaming table, gone back to the barracks in a state of hilarious intoxication several times after a night's debauch at the table of some wealthy gentleman in the neighborhood, and his conquests and amours with the fair sex were innumerable. Being of good family, these failings were overlooked or condoned, and new temptations were every day thrown in his path. He received invitations to every social gathering for miles around, was always in demand to complete a party at piquet or whist, and fond mothers and proud fathers still considered him an agreeable and safe companion for their pure daughters.

“Do you attend the birthday party to be given at the rectory in honor of the charming Miss Blakeney, Franklin?” asked his friend Contense—a character who, in the gratification of his tastes, sought to emulate the former—one night in the mess-room a short time after the conversation between Lucy and her guardian narrated in the preceding chapter.

“Most assuredly I do,” replied Franklin; “not for the world would I miss the opportunity of making the acquaintance of this mysterious beauty, who out of some prudish notion has seen fit to hide the light of her loveliness in that gloomy old rectory.”

“Another conquest meditated, I’ll wager,” laughingly rejoined Contense. “It is rumored that the fair Lucy is as reserved, modest and sensible as



she is beautiful," continued Franklin, without seeming to notice the implication of his friend.

"Accomplished, and as deeply learned in the abstruse sciences as a Plato, should be added to her personal charms," said Contense.

Franklin mused in silence for several moments, and, as if in continuation of his thoughts, said, "It would indeed redound to my credit to conquer this cold beauty and make her wholly mine." Then, in a tone of conscious ability to win her heart if he tried, added, "It shall be done, by Jove. It is long since I set after game so fresh and shy. The pursuit will be tenfold more exciting than that of ordinary women, and if she is as pure as Dame Gossip would have us believe, a little harmless flirtation would not injure her. I can do no more than try my hand. Do you go to the ball at Sir Leicester Dornton's to-night, Contense?"

"I was not fortunate enough to secure an invitation," replied Contense. "I understand it is to be something grand."

"For the country, yes," replied Franklin. "Sorry we are not to have the pleasure of your company to-night. I'm off. But first a stirrup-cup. We'll drink health to the fair Lucy," and jumping to his feet, he stepped across the room to a heavy oaken sideboard, filled two glasses with rum, and in their clink these two men pledged—ah! shame—degradation—suffering—ruin—to the fair girl who had been the subject of conversation.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

**T**HE night of Lucy's birthday party finally arrived. At an early hour the guests began to assemble. Although she had seen little or nothing of society, her natural refinement, after the first embarrassment wore off, enabled the beautiful hostess to receive her guests with the dignity and polished self-possession of a dowager.

She was the centre of an admiring knot of gentlemen, listening to their suave conventional compliments with a gentle inclination of her head to this and that one, when her guardian approached her arm-in-arm with a gentleman in the uniform of a lieutenant of dragoons. Gaining the side of his ward, the clergyman called her attention to his companion.

"Lucy, my dear, allow me to present to you Lieutenant Franklin, of the Dragoons."

Even in the seclusion of her quiet home Lucy had heard the name of the lieutenant mentioned frequently, coupled with encomiums of his grace and manly beauty, bravery and valor. It was with no uncommon interest,



then, that she acknowledged the presentation, and turning to her new acquaintance with easy refinement entered into conversation with him.

"It affords me infinite pleasure to make the acquaintance of a lady of whose beauty and intelligence I have heard so much," said the lieutenant, placing his hand to his heart and bending low.

"I am afraid I shall not come up to your expectations, sir," said Lucy, inwardly pleased with the address of the man before her.

"On the contrary, the beauty of Miss Blakeney has taken me by surprise, and if I appear confused or embarrassed in her presence, it can be properly attributed to the dazzle of her loveliness."

"You flatter equal to a king's courtier," retorted Lucy.

"I would stand clear before a jury on that charge when applied to you, no matter how enthusiastic my description."

Unaccustomed to such fulsome praise from the opposite sex, Lucy hardly knew what reply to make, and to hide her confusion she took the lieutenant's proffered arm and together they strolled up and down the room. She was evidently pleased with the attention of her brilliant cavalier, and he, like the giddy moth, could not resist the temptation to hover about the beautiful flame. Hers was a new character to him, and in the study of the complex emotions of her mind he was more and more amazed as some new beauty was revealed to him.

In the course of the evening he chanced to pass near his friend Contense, and the latter whispered in his ear, "Which will make the conquest, Franklin? I'll wager five pounds, the game turns upon the hunter."

"She is the purest and best girl I have ever met," replied Franklin, a hot flush mantling his cheek at the sally of his friend.

"I swear you are in love," said Contense, laughing.

"Perhaps!" was the parting rejoinder of the lieutenant, as, catching the eye of Lucy, he left his friend and hastened to her side.

All the evening he was in constant attendance upon her, and was the last of the guests to present his adieus.

Instead of joining his companions in the mess-room, to spend the remainder of the night at gaming, as was his wont, he hastened immediately to his quarters. Seating himself by the open window, his mind awed and impressed by the hushed composure of the night, he gave himself up to ecstatic dreams of the beautiful creature who had that evening so enraptured him.

"Why not?" he exclaimed at length, striking the window ledge with his clenched hand. "Why not? I am certainly going to the devil, and no time for reform is better than the present. It is true I am my father's heir, but he has done so much for me that it would be base ingratitude if I did nothing for myself. She is certainly the most beautiful woman I ever met, and she is as good as she is handsome. My father could offer no reasonable objection to her as a wife for me. I understand she has some considerable



property too, and could bring me a large dower. I will! I will!" he cried more vehemently. "For the first time in my life I will address this woman with honorable intentions."

He threw himself on the bed after making this resolve, and soon fell asleep, to enjoy in dreamland the companionship of the beautiful girl he had that evening enjoyed in reality.

Permission had been granted him by Lucy to call upon her at the rectory the next day, and this permission was cordially seconded by the invitation of Mr. Mathews. He fumed and fretted away the whole morning, praying for the lagging hours to hasten on, and as soon as courtesy would permit he mounted his horse and hastened to the rectory.

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## CHAPTER V.

### AT THE RECTORY.

LUCY received the lieutenant with a smile of welcome. Modesty forbade her to be in his company alone, and he was a little piqued to find the old rector in the room. He concealed his chagrin as best he might, however, and entered gayly into a conversation with the two over the events of the night previous. He had come determined to broach the subject of his attachment if opportunity offered itself, but in vain; the clergyman was constantly with them, and he could only speak his love in mute glances of unconcealed admiration. These love-looks were returned, though shyly, and the blush of pleasure which suffused her cheek awakened in his bosom pleasant thoughts. He was vain enough to believe that his passion was returned, and the same vanity led him to wish to converse with her privily.

Tea being announced, he led Lucy to the table, and from all the while endeavoring to form some plan how he could best see her alone, made but feeble attempts at conversation.

Having the management of her guardian's household affairs, Lucy excused herself at the completion of the meal, and returning to the drawing-room with the clergyman, who speedily became deeply engrossed in the perusal of a theological work, Franklin was left to his own devices.

Aware that his stay could be prolonged but for a short time, he tore a leaf from his note-book and hastily scribbled a brief note declaring his undying love and constancy, and begging for an interview the next evening in the rectory garden, where he could more eloquently tell the passion he now so feebly portrayed. He kept the note in his hand, and after Lucy returned to the drawing-room lingered but a short time, using his duty as a soldier as an excuse for his abrupt departure. The kindly old rector pressed



him to call again, and, after assuring him that he was always welcome, Lucy accompanied him to the door, and just as he was leaving he slipped into her hand the note he had written. Before she could express herself as to the strangeness of the action he was gone, waving her an adieu from the saddle as he dashed down the avenue leading to the rectory gate.

Various were the sensations which agitated the mind of Lucy as she still stood in the doorway watching the fast disappearing form of Franklin as he cantered along the road toward the barracks. His letter she held yet in her hand. What did it all mean? she thought. Her eyes fell on the love missive, and she turned it over several times, while a gentle suffusion of vermilion tinged her neck and face. She regarded it intently for some time. It was without superscription and sealed with a single wafer. The voice of Mr. Mathews calling from his study brought her back to consciousness.

Hastily thrusting the letter into her pocket, she closed the door and sought her guardian. He looked up smiling as she entered, and said:

"Sit down by me, my dear child," at the same time motioning her to a low divan by the side of his chair.

She took the proffered seat, but her eyes were not lifted to the good old man's face in their accustomed innocence and frankness. They dropped to the floor, and for the first time in her life a guilty blush mantled her cheek, and that inward mentor, whose workings are so mysterious, but whose power we all acknowledge, cried softly, "You are doing wrong. Show him the letter." She was on the point of obeying the call, and did draw the letter partly from her pocket.

"The lieutenant seems to be deeply impressed with the beauty and goodness of my child," said the clergyman, patting her cheek.

Her fingers relaxed their hold upon the letter and it slipped back into her pocket.

"He is a very agreeable man, dear teacher, and the evening passed very pleasantly. Think you not so?" said Lucy, and again her face crimsoned.

"He certainly has the faculty of entertaining his hearers. You seemed to be particularly pleased with his conversation." And again he patted the fair girl's cheek.

Lucy made no reply, but bended her head still lower. Mr. Mathews noticed her confusion and, attributing it to her extreme modesty, changed the subject.

All the evening that clandestine message burned in her pocket. Several times she was on the point of doing what conscience told her was duty, and hand the unopened missive to her guardian, and ask his advice as to whether it should be answered or returned. Just so often did she make the resolve, just so often did the tempter influence her to let it remain her pocket.

"Well, darling, it is late. Time we retired for the night," said the



clergyman at length, "Bring me God's book, whilst I read the lesson of the day."

She brought the desired volume, and after reading a chapter the old rector fell upon his knees, and with bowed head offered up a simple petition to the throne of mercy.

"Good-night, my dear child," he said, kissing her as she arose from her knees. "God bless you."

A moment of indecision, and then, taking the letter from her pocket, she said, as Mr. Mathews was about leaving the room, "Sir, I have—would like to solicit your advice. Lieutenant Franklin placed—"

"Yes, yes, Lucy," he interrupted, halting on the threshold, "I know, but we will talk about that to-morrow."

"But—" she began.

"To-morrow. I am very tired," he said, and again bidding her good-night, closed the door and was gone.

Oh! rash girl. Hesitate not, or you are lost. Hasten, while you have yet time, and place in the hands of your kind friend that which you feel is wrong for you to possess. Pure as yet, its influence may defile you. But no! she hesitates. And with the secret still hers seeks her room.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A CLANDESTINE MEETING.

**A**RRIVED in her own chamber, Lucy drew the letter from her pocket. "Surely," she thought, "if my guardian, who is so noted for his uprightness and morality, thinks well of Franklin, I can see no reason why I should be harmed by reading his letter. I can consult him afterward as to whether it would be best to answer the letter or not; at any rate I shall not answer it without consulting him;" and she accordingly opened the letter.

"A very proper letter it seems to me," she said, after finishing the reading. "It would hardly be right to meet him clandestinely, for if he speaks truth his intentions are honorable. My guardian thinks well of him, and if he is so desirous of seeing me he shall come openly. I will not act dishonorably, and to meet him at night and alone, without the knowledge of my kind friend, would, I think, be wrong."

Thus counselling herself she prepared for bed and was soon fast asleep. Her slumbers were disturbed by visions of Franklin and she awoke in a frame of mind diametrically the opposite of the night before. She neglected to broach the subject uppermost in her mind to Mr. Mathews, and he,





The mysterious and elegant lady in black, who used to visit Charlotte Temple's grave every day, and place rare flowers upon it.  
 Die geheimnißvolle und elegante Dame in Farnet, welche täglich Charlotte Temple's Grab zu besuchen pflegte und seltene Blumen darauf legte.





The mysterious and elegant lady in black, who used to visit Charlotte Temple's grave every day, and place rare flowers upon it.

Die geheimnißvolle und elegante Dame in Trauer, welche täglich Charlotte Temple's Grab zu besuchen pflegte und seltene Blumen darauf legte.



perhaps, had forgotten the conversation of the night previous. Several times in the course of the day she indulged herself in reading over the letter, and each time she read it the contents sank deeper into her heart.

The appointed hour arrived, and throwing around her shoulders a light shawl, Lucy pleaded a desire to enjoy the evening breeze, as an excuse to gain the garden, and once outside the door she timidly and with beating heart sought the place of assignation.

"I shall tell him that he must see me no more unless he visits me in a proper manner at the rectory," she resolved, and as she approached the spot designated in Franklin's note, she began to be conscious of the impropriety of her conduct in having clandestine intercourse with one almost a stranger to her.

Alas! poor Lucy! So thought her unhappy mother years before when she disobeyed the promptings of her conscience and in open defiance of the lessons of propriety learned at the knee of her mother, met the villain Montroville in secrecy and at night.

Like his guilty father Franklin was tender, eloquent and ardent. He silenced all her objections, dissipated all her scruples.

"Darling," he said, twining his arm about her slender waist, "the knowledge that my love is reciprocated lends new charm to a life that has before been miserable and worthless."

"I wish I dared believe you speak truth," answered Lucy, meditatively.

"Can you doubt me?"

"I do not know what to think. It is a new experience to me. Let me have time and I can answer you."

"Cruel girl! Would you render me tenfold more reckless than I have been heretofore by thus hinting at the possibility of my love not being reciprocated?"

"Do not speak thus, Franklin," said Lucy, drawing closer. "If my influence can so model and shape your life habits, I would assuredly simulate an affection I did not feel, rather than see you go to destruction."

"But you do not feel towards me thus coldly?" said Franklin.

"No!" replied the lovely girl, and this frank confession of her love caused the warm blood to course through her lover's veins with a new and impetuous energy.

"You will meet me often?" he asked, bending over her eagerly.

"Promise me that at this hour to-morrow evening you will again meet me here."

"I dare not," said Lucy, firmly.

"You do not love me," cried Franklin, starting from her.

"Yes! I think—no—but it will be wrong to meet you clandestinely. It would create scandal were we discovered, and I am certain it would not please my guardian."



"These are idle fancies," cried Franklin, impatiently. "My love for you would dare even the terrors of Hades."

"Oh! Franklin," said Lucy, in a tremulous voice, "you must not speak thus, for I do love you truly."

"You will come then to-morrow?"

"I do not know. We have been too long together now. I must return to the house," said Lucy, struggling to draw her hands from him. "I must leave you."

"And to-morrow I shall look for you. Do not, I conjure you, doom me to a disappointment so cruel. You will come, dear Lucy?"

"Perhaps," faltered her lips.

"Farewell, then. I await with impatience the coming of our trysting hour."

He bent over and kissed her hand, and vaulting the boundary wall disappeared in the gloom, while Lucy with glad and buoyant steps sought the rectory.

## CHAPTER VII.

### CONTINUED WRONG-DOING.

**A**LMOST two weeks elapsed, and Franklin, not content with daily visits to Lucy at the rectory, where his evidently honorable intentions met with the approval and sanction of Mr. Mathews, continued every evening to meet her clandestinely in the rectory garden.

It may safely be asserted, in justice to Franklin, that his intentions were honorable. He was his father's oldest son and heir, and entered the army rather from choice than necessity. His sire had deeply impressed upon his mind the necessity of allying himself to a woman his equal in social position and wealth. He therefore took pains to inquire what were Miss Blakeney's expectations as regarded fortune, and had been informed by a creditable authority that she was the possessor of a handsome maintenance.

"My father, then," he thought, "will be pleased with my choice of a wife."

Lucy often confessed to herself that she loved the handsome lieutenant with all the strength and ardor of her nature, and never seemed happy but when in his company.

Continued indulgence in wrong-doing ultimately hardens the heart to the impression of our better nature. Lucy, in the mad delirium of her young love, silenced all qualms of conscience she might at first have had at meeting her lover unbeknown to her guardian. She often pleased herself with the



fancy that he, too, was prejudiced in Franklin's favor and encouraged his attentions to her. The pious old clergyman was present at every interview between the two at the rectory, and saw nothing but respectful, friendly admiration of each other's society in the conduct of the two. And in their associations under the friendly cover of night Lucy constantly shielded herself behind an insurmountable barrier of maidenly reserve, difficult to be overcome, and Franklin, appreciating the purity of her thoughts and actions, treated her ever with respect and deference.

He had confided to Contense the fact of these stolen interviews, and when the latter, knowing Franklin's previous trifling with female virtue, banteringly alluded to the conquest of this fair one, he silenced him angrily. "Stop! If you are my friend, speak not lightly of Lucy Blakeney. She is to-day as pure as the breath of heaven."

"Oh! ho!" rejoined Contense, "I had no idea matters had taken so serious a turn. My ignorance must palliate the allusion I made, which I now willingly retract."

"You are forgiven," said Franklin, extending him his hand.

"Seriously, now, you do not contemplate marriage?"

"I do."

"And is her guardian favorable to your suit?"

"I know not. I have never spoken to him on the subject."

"And your father. Does he, too, give his sanction?"

"That is what troubles me. I am anxious to see him and personally represent the case. Until then I am forced to keep my love a secret. I would not for the world marry unless the union met with his approval."

"Ask for leave of absence."

"I will. And returning with his approval of my suit, will formally demand her hand from the rector, and publicly plight our troth," cried Franklin, his face glowing with the earnestness and candor of his intentions.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE RECTOR COUNSELS HIS WARD.

**S**O marked had become the attentions of Lieutenant Franklin to his ward, Lucy Blakeney, that the Rev. Mr. Mathews, interested as he was in the future happiness and welfare of the beautiful girl, made inquiries regarding the reputation and social standing of her suitor. Although gossip had made somewhat free with the former, he, in the quiet seclusion of his pastorate, heard naught of the vague rumors. In his selection of companion for Lucy he relied in a great measure upon his judgment of faces as criterions of character. He was



pleased with the bearing and manners of Lieutenant Franklin, else he would not have allowed him to visit the rectory so often.

What was his surprise and grief, then, when he made inquiry into the lieutenant's character, to learn that the morality he thought genuine was perhaps simulated. Particularly was his consternation great to learn of the number and success of his amours.

"God forgive me," he cried, "for having been so blind when the virtue of my dear child was at stake. I must see her immediately, and counsel her against receiving the advances of Franklin before it is too late."

Accordingly he sought an early interview with Lucy, and calling her into the study that very evening, approached the subject thus:

"Lucy, my dear child, I have received information to-day which grieves me beyond measure. As it concerns you and your welfare intimately, I think it my duty to acquaint you with what I have heard."

"Concerns my welfare, kind sir!" exclaimed Lucy; "and in what manner, pray?"

"It is of Lieutenant Franklin and his frequent visits here that I would speak."

Lucy's face flushed scarlet and her head drooped. "He is pleased with my suitor," she thought, "and Franklin has undoubtedly proposed for my hand." "Well!" she said aloud, raising her blue eyes to her guardian's.

"I learn for the first time, to-day, that this young soldier is not a suitable companion for you, my dear child."

"Oh! sir!" she cried, starting forward, while the color forsook her face and her lip trembled.

"My God, Lucy, you do not love this man? You cannot have been bewitched by him so soon? No, no! It is impossible," said the clergyman confidently, while his hand rested on Lucy's head.

But she answered never a word. Trembling and cowering in the consciousness of her passion for Franklin, she dared not raise her eyes, and her breath came and went in short convulsive gasps. A thousand thoughts flashed through her mind, and she heard the rector's voice dim and indistinct as in a dream. She felt weak and faint, and when she at last lifted her eyes the traces of her emotion had been so indelibly imprinted on the young face, in sharp cruel lines, that the clergyman started back as though confronted by an apparition, and could only find voice to ejaculate:

"My poor, deceived child!"

The cruel lines settled sharper and colder about her mouth, and her voice was hard and unnatural when she said:

"Tell me all!"

"I little dreamed of this," said Mr. Mathews, sighing wearily. "I little thought that there had taken root in your young bosom a passion for one so unworthy of your love as Franklin. Be warned, my dear child, by an old man, many, many years older than yourself, and give up all



thoughts of this man, who has insinuated himself into your affections. See him no more, lest he tempt you further, and may God in His infinite mercy so strengthen you that duty will be your guide."

There was no relaxation in the cold face, only it was a weary head that sank upon the old man's bosom; and if no tears moistened her eyes, the pain and suffering she was undergoing was none the less terrible.

"I cannot believe him so base!" she wailed, and the strained agony of her voice sank deeply into the clergyman's heart.

"Love is ever blind," he rejoined, pityingly. "But listen." And then, holding fast her hand, he related all that he had heard of Franklin's past life.

"But he may have reformed," interposed Lucy, when he at last finished, "he may be better now. Oh! sir, if you but knew with what tender respect he treats me, it would indeed be difficult to believe these base stories."

"No, no! my child. His career has been marked by such wanton prostitution of the talent and beauty and address God gave him, that even if he did reform, it would be but temporarily. Some men are the inheritors of passions that no influence—be it pure as it may—can wholly eradicate, and Franklin, I fear, is one of these most unfortunate legatees."

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" cried the unhappy girl, again burying her face in her guardian's bosom.

"Duty is plain," replied the good man, tenderly, "and with the help of God you can summon to your assistance the fortitude to perform it unflinchingly."

"I am but a poor, weak girl, and the future, which before looked so bright, is now dark with dismal, dread forebodings," she faltered. "Advise me, kind sir, as you ever do."

"Gladly will I, and pray for you, too," was his reply. "But come, your mind is too much distracted with a multitude of conflicting emotions to allow you to be much benefited by advice. Sleep is a great refresher and a balm for our lacerated hearts. Adieu, my dear child, until the morrow, and may God watch over you through the night, and inspire you with that blessed peace and resignation He promises to those who are weary and ask for rest."

The good man kissed her pale cheek and then bade her good-night.



## CHAPTER IX.

## REFLECTION—A PARTING.

**H**ER room gained, Lucy gave way to the emotion she could no longer repress, and busting into tears threw herself upon a couch, and for at least an hour lay very still, crying softly. There was in that time a mighty conflict of emotions struggling for utterance. It was the battle between love and duty.

"Do I not love him sincerely?" she cried, "and can I believe that his affection for me is other than pure? No, no! dear Franklin. I still think you true and honest. Say what they may, I shall ever hold you in the highest respect, and if it were not for bringing down sorrow upon the aged head of my dearest and best friend, I would dare all—contempt—scorn—pity of the world—and follow you through every danger. But much as I love you, I cannot disobey the one who has been alike father, counsellor and friend to me."

Until the hour of midnight approached did she thus reflect over the course to be pursued toward Franklin, and the more she reflected, the stronger became her determination to sacrifice her own impulses and affections on the altar of duty. Gradually her emotion became quieter, and rising from the couch she seated herself by the open window, and gazed out upon the jewel-spangled face of heaven. Involuntarily a prayer rose to her lips, a petition for strength. The words half trembled in oral utterance, and then died away in a faint murmur of surprise.

She saw a figure moving among the garden shrubbery beneath her window, and drew back into the shadow, satisfied that it was Franklin. The young soldier—for it was indeed he—came directly toward where she was standing, and halting opposite to the casement raised his eyes to the window.

She stepped out of the shadow, and asked, "What brings you here at this unseasonable hour?"

"Dear Lucy," he replied, "since the nightingale first began his matins I have patiently waited for your coming, and when at last the hooting owl told of midnight's approach, I ventured to draw near your bower, satisfied even with a glance of the spot where innocent slumber lent new beauty to the countenance of my beloved girl. Why did you neglect the trysting-hour? Did you not consider my evident agitation when you came not? My mind was rent with a thousand horrible forebodings."

Looking down upon his face, softened and mellowed in beauty with the moon's glint, listening to the eloquent pleadings of his voice, could she well think him the base monster he had been pictured to her that evening?









Young Franklin calls on Lucy after her birth-day party.—Der junge Franklin besucht Lucy nach ihrem Geburtstags-Feste.



**Love**, with beaming face and syren voice, lured her to his side; while **duty**, cold, grim, yet just and merciful, whispered in her ear to stay. She struggled with the adverse powers, and then, leaning her face upon her hand, burst into tears.

"Pardon me," said Franklin, deeply moved, "if the language conjured up by ardent affection has given you pain. I meant no harm. And if my presence has become tiresome to you, I will be gone and trouble you no more."

"No, no!" cried Lucy, through her sobs. "Do not think wrong of me, but we must meet no more. Perhaps at some future time we may, but not now, not now."

Franklin stood for a few minutes musing silently. "I was about going away, Lucy," he said, "to obtain the consent of my father that I might honestly and openly seek your hand. I came this night to bid you adieu for a brief period, and to renew my pledges of devotion. But, since it is your desire, the parting shall be forever, and I will, in the world of gayety and pleasure, vainly endeavor to forget the pure girl I so well love."

"Cruel man. Why do you thus torture me?"

"Since it is your wish, I see no alternative."

"Oh God, were I dead! I can never forget you, Franklin, and when you are absent I shall be miserable. But my guardian loves me dearly, and has counselled me to discourage your attentions. My duty to him is plain, and, much as I love you, I must beg that this meeting be our last."

"Good-bye, then," he said. "Since this is your will, I obey, but mind you, I am not answerable for what may occur. If, in a fit of mad despair, my own hand is raised to take my life, it will be for love of you."

"Merciful heavens! Do not add to my misery," cried Lucy, bitterly.

"Farewell!" said Franklin. "We shall never see each other again." And then, fearful lest he should falter in his resolution, he hurried away.

"Never!" cried Lucy, echoing his words, "Never! Then God pity me." And turning from the window she staggered toward the bed, and in an agony of grief and agitation spent the night, and the morrow's sun fell upon a pillow wet with the tears of anguish.



## CHAPTER X.

## A RECONCILIATION.

LUCY arose from her restless bed, languid of eye and pale of cheek, and although she endeavored to conceal the traces of her emotion in the presence of her guardian, the effort was a vain one. The good clergyman quickly noticed her changed condition, and, moved to pity by her distress, said :

"Poor child! You look tired and worn."

"And sick at heart," she faltered.

"Do you really love this young man so ardently?" he said, bending over her.

"Dear sir, I am trying to forget the past."

"I have, perhaps, been too hasty in my condemnation of this young soldier. He may have reformed. And if your refusal of his attentions should again lead him back to the life he relinquished for love of you, I should indeed feel sorry. A clergyman, who daily preaches charity and forgiveness to the repentant, should set the example by practising his own precepts."

"Oh, kindest and best of friends," cried Lucy, sinking on her knees at his feet, "your words reanimate my sinking heart. If you but knew him, you would, I am sure, judge him less harshly. Even now he might have been hastening to ask the consent of his father to our union, if I had not coldly repulsed his attentions last night!"

"Last night, my child!" said the rector, in some surprise. "You forget. Lieutenant Franklin has not visited the rectory since the day before yesterday."

"Nevertheless I saw him last night," replied Lucy, with a blush of confusion. "He was passing, and—and ventured to approach the house. He saw me sitting by the open window in my chamber, and when he approached I informed him of your desires and my intention regarding them. Do not blame me, sir, or think me unmaidenly, but I have frequently met him in the garden alone. Oh! sir, go to him and retract your cruel decision, for if I see him no more I think my poor heart will burst with sorrow."

Tears stood in her eyes as she closed her appeal, and although he would have chided her for thus clandestinely meeting her lover, yet her deep anguish smote him to the heart, and he kissed her and said :

"Cheer up, Lucy. I will make further inquiries regarding his character. I may have been wilfully misinformed. I will see him personally, and if, as you say, I find his intentions honorable, I will interpose no objection."



Lucy thanked him, and after breakfast he hastened to see Franklin, and if possible render his dear child happy, and bring the roses once more to her cheek.

Mr. Mathews found the lieutenant in his quarters, sitting very moody and dejected, and when the chilling reserve in which he at first enshrouded himself was dissipated under the influence of the old rector's kind words, he jumped joyfully to his feet and, grasping the aged man's hand, exclaimed:

"You are too kind, sir, and your words bring relief to my depressed heart. I can truthfully say that I have never regarded that dear girl but as an honorable man should. In fact, I was on the point of asking my father's sanction of our union, when I would return and get your consent to an early marriage with her who has become the arbiter and controller of my fate."

"If this be true, I will give my consent to your union. But not until my ward has reached her twenty-first birthday. Go, then, and consult the parent your intentions so much honor, and if he too consents, you are a welcome guest at the rectory."

"But Lucy—can I not tell her this?" eagerly inquired the young man.

"I will myself inform her of the decision I have rendered, and when you return it will be time enough for that."

Franklin would have pressed the clergyman to allow him to see her then, but the positiveness of the refusal dissuaded him, and he immediately set about preparing to leave for home.

Love lent him increased speed, and a week did not elapse before he returned with the intelligence that his suit met with the cordial approval of his father.

The two lovers were formally betrothed, and his command being ordered to another part of the country, Franklin was forced to tear himself away from the side of his sweetheart and, as best he could, employ the time until two years should elapse, when he would return to claim the fair Lucy for his bride.

## CHAPTER XI.

### HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

**T**HE time of probation wore away slowly to the minds of the impatient lovers. Franklin found occasion several times to visit his beloved one, and as the day of all days drew nigh, his anxiety increased to such an extent that he was almost unfitted for duty. To his great consternation, a day or two before Lucy's birthday, he was summoned into the presence of his commander, and ordered off to a remote section of the dominion on a mission of importance.



At length the long looked-for anniversary arrived, and Franklin, having despatched a messenger to inform his waiting ladylove that duty would keep him from her side a few days beyond the specified time, she received the congratulations of the old rector on the eventful morning. And when he had kissed her he presented her with a miniature. It was that of a lovely female not more than sixteen years old. On the reverse was a braided lock of brown hair, surmounted by the initials "C. T." in fine seed pearl.

"Who is this lovely creature?" said Lucy.

"Come to the glass, my child, and tell me who it is like," said Mr. Mathews.

Lucy looked, and hesitated.

"Only," at length she said, "only that it is much handsomer; I should think—"

"That it was like yourself," said the rector. "It is the portrait of your mother, Lucy. It was taken, your grandmother informed me, about three years previous to your birth, and was constantly worn by your grandmother till some deeply afflicting occurrence, to which I am a stranger, induced her to lay it aside."

In a few days her suitor arrived, and the proper arrangements for their union were soon completed.

Never was bride so beautiful and joyous as Lucy, and on the evening previous to the day on which the marriage was to be celebrated, the lovers were together in the drawing-room, enjoying that sweet communion bred of happiness about to be consummated, when a messenger arrived in hot haste and inquired for Lieutenant Franklin.

The person bore a note addressed to him, and, breaking the seal with trembling hands, the young officer read these words:

"Come home immediately. Your father lies at the point of death. He desires to give you his blessing, and if you would see him alive, hasten. Delay is dangerous."

It bore the signature of his father's trusted steward, and his heart, but a few moments before filled with gladness, was by this sad intelligence depressed and chilled.

Lucy saw the pallor which overspread his face as he finished reading the note, and with loving solicitude hastened to his side.

"Dear Franklin," she said, "some terrible intelligence conveyed in this message fills you with sadness."

"Oh, Lucy!" he said, dropping into a chair and handing her the letter, "the best of fathers is at death's door, and summons me to his side."

"Hasten, then, that you may receive his benediction," replied she. "I would accompany you, if my poor presence would be of any avail."

"No, no! The suddenness of the intelligence unnerved me at first. I



am stronger now, and will depart this night. I am only grieved that his eyes could not look upon his daughter's face or its counterfeit. But hold, you very closely resemble your mother, whose miniature you have shown me. With your permission I will take it to my father, that his dying eyes may gaze upon a face resembling—though possessing but a tithe of the loveliness—that of the pure woman who is about to become his son's wife."

Lucy blushed at the mention of their approaching marriage, but brought him the miniature, and placing it in a safe pocket, the young lieutenant ordered his horse and hastened to his father's bedside.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A DEATH-BED DISCOVERY.

**U**PON his arrival home, Lieutenant Franklin found his father very low, and so feeble that he could barely extend his hand to meet the warm pressure of his son's.

"My dear father, I would that your life might be spared to bless my approaching marriage with the purest woman in the world," said Franklin, with tender regard.

"It is of her that I would speak," said the colonel, faintly. "What is she like?"

"She is very beautiful," was the enthusiastic reply. "I think there was never but one woman who approached her in loveliness."

"And that one?"

"Her mother."

"Did you ever see her? I understood you to say she was dead."

"And I did, but I have seen her picture. I have it with me now; it is also a good resemblance of Lucy."

He drew forth the miniature and held it before the father, who rose up, seized it with a convulsive grasp, and looking upon the initials on its back, he shrieked out:

"Just Heaven! the woman you would marry is my own daughter! Oh, that I could have been spared this! Go, my son—go to my private desk. You will there find the record of your father's shame, and of your own fate."

Lieutenant Franklin heard the words which destroyed all hopes of future happiness, as one stunned by a sudden blow. He could only, after a painful silence, broken by the remorseful sobs of his wretched father, find words to exclaim:



"Oh, my father! Why was I kept in ignorance of this terrible secret of your life? My poor Lucy!"

"Heap upon me every insult that your outraged nature can suggest! Despise me, scorn me! I deserve all!" cried the dying man.

"Nay, sir; rather do you deserve my pity and commiseration."

"It is the vengeance of a just Heaven. I could not hope to have lived so long without well-merited punishment. My son, look upon your father and blush for very shame. Better had it been for me, ten thousand times, if it were I who fell than Belcour. I would have been spared these long weary years of melancholy reflection, and the canker of remorse would not have rendered my dying bed miserable."

"Say not so, sir," said Franklin, deeply moved. "You have in part atoned for the indiscretion and sin of your youth by a temperate and just manner of living in your old age, and if you have repented of your wickedness, the more readily will pardon be granted you."

"Would that I could believe this."

"Is it not promised by the Prince of Peace that, even at the eleventh hour, a man may repent and be saved?"

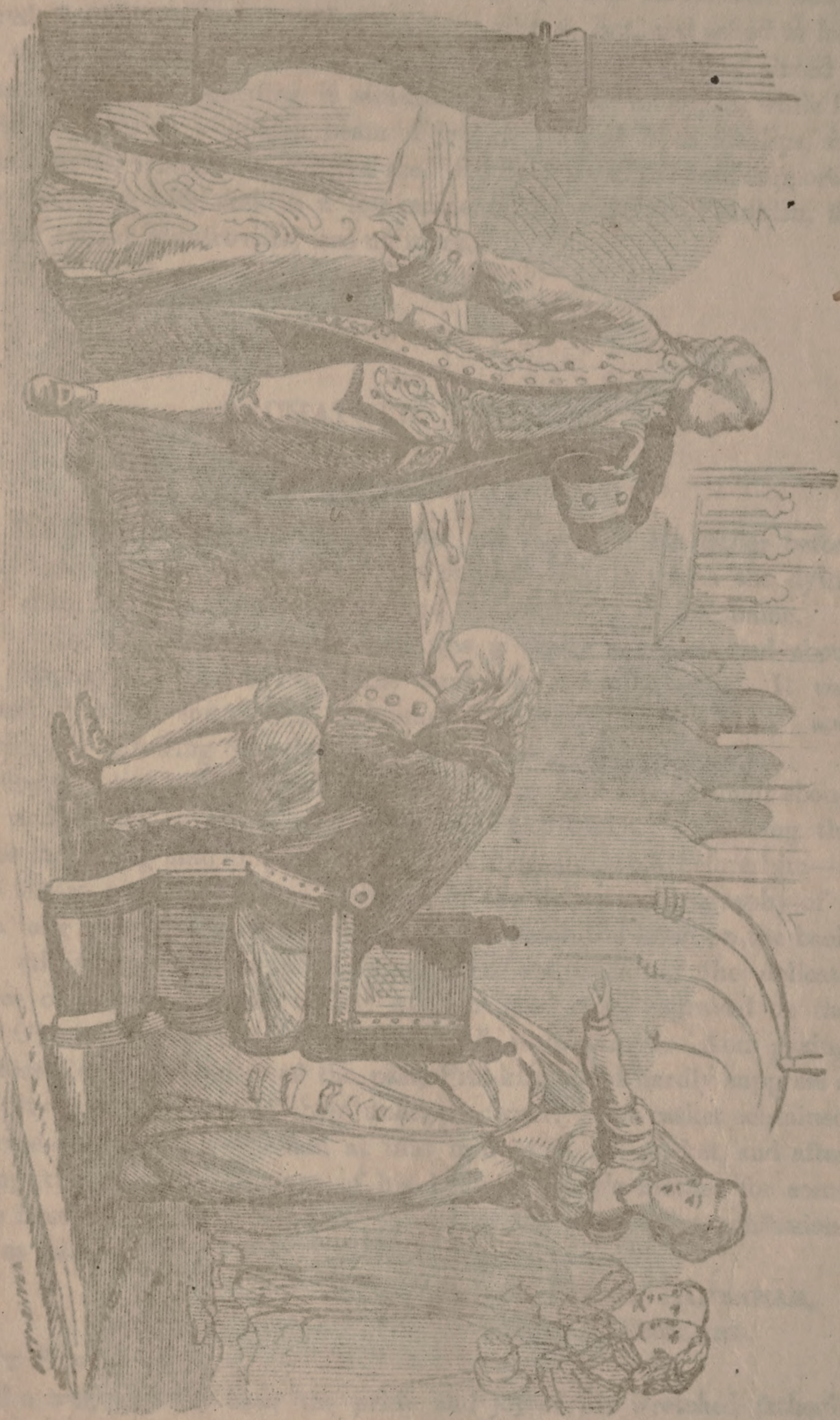
"True!" cried the father, his face brightening. "If you love me, pray for me."

Although the usually gay young lieutenant had hitherto led a life the reverse of pious or moral (if we except the two years since he became acquainted with Lucy), he fell upon his knees, and with tears of sorrow stealing down his cheek, raised his eyes to Heaven to ask pardon for a parent: "Great Father of Mercy, who in thine omnipotence has promised forgiveness to all those who truly repent, grant that the sins of this unhappy man be overlooked and pardoned. Make easy his sufferings and soothe with the balm of Thy righteousness his afflicted heart." He could go no farther. His sobs mingled with those of his father, and he sank upon the floor in a dead swoon. Restoratives were applied, and in a few moments he was able to again approach the bedside. Colonel Franklin had lapsed into a semi-unconscious state, and when he finally opened his eyes, raved and lamented in delirium. In fancy he was again in New York, enjoying the society of the woman he had destroyed. "I am a villain!" he cried, starting up in the bed. "Oh! Charlotte, forgive me. I will make reparation for the past. You shall never have cause to complain of my coldness again. I love you. God knows I do. We will be married. You shall bear my name, and as my wife return to gladden the hearts of your fond parents." Thus for a while did his mind wander, and then he would burst into a fresh passion. "Cursed strumpet!" he would cry, and wildly gnash his teeth; "hence! I throw you from me, soiled and degraded, as I would a viper. You have betrayed my affection, and love me no longer. Away, away!"

Toward the end he became lucid, and minutely instructed his son how



Franklin's Friend Confesses that the marriage cannot take place, and reveals the terrible secret  
 which she has kept hidden from him and which she is now revealing to the world.







Franklin's friend Contense announces that the marriage cannot take place, and reveals the terrible secret.  
Franklin's Freund Contense erklärt, daß die Heirath nicht stattfinden kann, und enthüllt das schreckliche Geheimniß.



to manage certain business affairs. He fondly embraced his wife and family, and asked their forgiveness for the shame his early indiscretion had brought upon them. After this he fell into a doze, and the afflicted family gathered about his bedside. He opened his eyes at last, and asked to look again upon the picture of the woman he had wronged. It was placed in his hands, and after regarding it steadfastly for several moments, while his face lighted up with a sudden beam of joy, he pressed it to his lips, and with the words, "Charlotte, forgive me," fell back upon the bed, supported by his trembling wife, and in a few moments the wretched Franklin, the once gay, gallant Montroville, was no more.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### MONTROVILLE'S CONFESSION.

**A** DAY was allowed to elapse after the burial of his father before Franklin ventured to open the private desk, in which the dying man had declared would be found the confession of his shame.

In one corner of the desk was a bulky package, tied about strongly and sealed with the dead man's family arms. It was addressed, "To my son, Lieut. Edmund Franklin, 8th Dragoons," and under this the following direction, "To be opened after I am dead."

He removed the covering and disclosed a large envelope, a small ebony casket, and a roll of manuscript endorsed "Confession." Opening the envelope the young man emptied its contents upon the table before him—a few old letters, musty and faded with age, in the delicate chirography of a lady; a long tress of brown hair which would match the braid on the back of the miniature; a withered nosegay, even yet exhaling the delicate fragrance of mignonette and violet; a plain gold ring, engraved on the inside "Charlotte from Montroville," was all it contained. And gazing upon these dumb reminders of the past, Franklin could hardly suppress a tear of pity to the memory of their unhappy owner. The casket contained a duplicate of the picture he had at that minute in his pocket, and after regarding the beautiful features of his beloved Lucy's mother for some time, he brushed his tears away and turned to the manuscript confession. It read as follows:

"AMIDON HOUSE, LANENHAM,

"SUFFOLK. ENGLAND.

"TO MY SON:

"Will a son, who has been the pride and joy of his wretched father's life, listen in patience to the confession of that father's shame, and as he hopes for pardon himself, let the tear of charity fall upon his grave? I



can offer no excuse for my base conduct, and just Heaven has punished me with the hourly goadings of a conscience that is not altogether lost to infamy. Be warned, then, by this my dying confession, and as you hope for peace here and hereafter, never allow youthful folly to so prostitute your nature that the innocent and pure may be made to suffer in the gratification of your unholy desires.

“In the year 1773, I being at that time a lieutenant in His Majesty’s 27th Artillery, was ordered with my regiment to America. Before my departure, in company with a companion, Belcour, I had been to take leave of my friends, and was returning to Portsmouth, where the troops awaited orders for embarkation. We stopped at Chichester to dine, and after the meal sauntered out to view the town, and make remarks upon the inhabitants as they returned from church—it being Sunday afternoon. We had gratified our curiosity, and were about returning to the hotel, when the teachers and pupils of a fashionable school descended from the church. Myself and companion stopped to admire the beautiful faces as they passed by us, and an elegant girl, whose features I at once recollected as those of Charlotte Temple, whom I had once seen and danced with, looked at me and blushed in recognition. I returned to the hotel, and was obliged to leave immediately for Portsmouth. I was determined, however, if possible, to see this lovely being again, and after spending several days in endeavoring to form some plan for seeing her, I determined to proceed again to Chichester and trust to chance to see her. I accordingly set out, and arriving at the edge of the town, dismounted and proceeded toward the school building, which stood in the centre of an extensive pleasure ground. It was surrounded by a high wall which defied all my efforts at entrance. I was about turning away with the intention of returning to Portsmouth without seeing her, when the gate which led to the pleasure ground opened and two females came out, and walked arm-in-arm across the fields. One of these I discovered to be Charlotte, and the other an unscrupulous teacher employed in the school. A bribe silenced the latter, and slipping a note into Charlotte’s hand urging her to meet me again at the same place next evening, bade them good-bye, after inducing the teacher to use her influence in aid of my plan. The young girl acceded to my wishes, influenced, however, in a great measure by the intriguing teacher, and we met by appointment several times. One evening I prevailed upon the unfortunate girl to accompany me to America, upon arriving at which place I promised to make her my wife. So firmly did she believe in my ardent protestations that, when the day arrived, although her better nature drew her back to the parents who idolized her, she accompanied me, as also did the teacher my companion, Belcour, to Portsmouth, and we embarked for America. Before we went on shipboard she entreated me to get her pen and paper, that she might write to her parents. I was of course aware of the evil consequences that must ensue if the letter was forwarded to them, and accordingly destroyed it.



Belcour soon tired of the teacher, La Rue, and she determined to attack the heart of an officer, who was one of the passengers, named Colonel Crayton, a widower of large wealth. He readily succumbed to the designing schemes of this woman, and when we arrived in New York lawfully married her. I placed the girl who had confided in me her honor, in a suitable house, and easily put off the promised marriage with fresh promises. My companion, Belcour, learning that Charlotte was dejected and melancholy over my heartless conduct, sought to ingratiate himself in her favor, but so long as I remained in the least degree constant she repulsed his advances with the virtue and spirit of a wife. During this time I accidentally became acquainted with your mother, who was independently an heiress, and at this time the life and boast of society. I was fascinated with her beauty, and for the time forgot poor Charlotte. But when I indulged in sober reflection over my conduct, inwardly reproached myself for neglecting her.

“My false friend, Belcour, piqued at the repulse his advances to Charlotte had received, was thirsting for revenge, and took advantage of this mental agitation to remark that if I knew Charlotte as he did, I would have no compunction about deserting her. When I taxed him for an explanation, he craftily insinuated that she was not altogether true in her affection, and falsely stated that he had received advances from her which his friendship for me would not allow him to take advantage of. Enraged at this, I determined to again visit Charlotte, tax her with falsehood and unfaithfulness, and take an everlasting leave of her. It was afternoon when I paid the visit, and when, not finding her in the parlor, I entered her bed-room, my suspicions of her infidelity were confirmed. The first object that met my eyes on opening the door was Charlotte asleep, and Belcour on the bed beside her. Mad with passion, I aroused what I at that time considered a guilty pair, and spite her protestations of innocence, flung Charlotte from me, and hurriedly left the house. My suit with your mother progressed to that stage when the nuptial day was fixed. Although I had abandoned Charlotte (thinking she had thrown herself from my protection by her evil conduct), I still felt myself bound to support her; and for that purpose placed a sum of money in Belcour's hands, telling him to disburse it for the comfort of herself and child. This he promised to do, but I afterwards learned that he never did. I suffered keenly from remorse as my marriage day approached, and at length wrote to Charlotte, advising her to return to virtue and her parents. After my marriage I made a trip to the West Indies, accompanied by your mother. When I returned to New York, I sought to find Charlotte, but in vain. I found Belcour immersed in dissipation, but he could give me no information other than that she had some time since left the house in which I placed her. For the first time I suspected Belcour of falseness, and turned angrily upon him with the threat that, had he acted dishonorably toward her, his life should pay the forfeit. After much inquiry I found the servant girl who had attended Charlotte,



and from her learned that after my departure she suffered all the miseries of sickness, poverty and a broken heart; and that she had set out on foot, on a cold winter's evening, for New York. Tortured almost to madness by this shocking account, I returned to the city. As I was entering the town, I heard from a neighboring steeple a solemn toll, and from a miserable hut near at hand appeared a funeral cortege. Almost unknowingly I followed, and inquired of a soldier who it was that was being buried. 'And please your honor,' said the man, 'tis a poor girl who was brought from her friends by a cruel man, who destroyed and left her and then married another. I met her myself not a fortnight since, one night, all cold and wet in the street. She went to Madame Crayton's, but she would not take her in. So the poor thing went raving mad, and died.' Stricken with remorse at these words, I hastened to the churchyard, where they were now heaping the earth upon her remains. 'Hold! hold! one moment,' I cried. 'Close not the grave of the injured Charlotte Temple till I have taken vengeance on her murderer.' 'Rash young man,' interposed a grief-stricken man, whom I had not noticed in my agitation, 'who are you that thus disturbs the mournful rites of the dead, and rudely breaks in upon the grief of an afflicted father?' 'If you are the father of Charlotte Temple,' I cried, gazing at him with mingled horror and amazement, 'if you are her father, I am Montroville!' Then, falling on my knees, I bared my bosom, and continued, 'Here, strike—strike now, and save me from the misery of reflection!' 'Alas!' said Mr. Temple, 'if you are the seducer of my child, your own reflections be your punishment. I wrest not the power from the hand of the Omnipotent.' He turned from me, as if in loathing, as he finished speaking, and remembering the perfidy of Belcour, I flew to his lodgings with the speed of lightning. He was intoxicated, and I mad with anger and remorse. Our swords crossed in combat, and he fell pierced to the heart, whilst your unhappy father escaped with a slight wound. Overcome with agitation and loss of blood I became insensible, and in that state was carried home. A long sickness followed, but to punish me more severely my life was spared, and after many years of suffering, agony and pain, I leave this, the dying declaration and confession of your most miserable parent,

"M. FRANKLIN."



## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE TERRIBLE TRUTH.

**L**IEUTENANT CONTENSE was seated in the mess-room when an orderly placed before him the morning mail. A bulky package caught his eye and he opened it first. A letter dropped out of the right hand corner of the envelope, emblazoned with the arms of his friend Franklin. Breaking the seal, he read :

“AT HOME.

“MY DEAR CONTENSE :

“My father died last Thursday, and on his death-bed revealed a terrible secret to me—that the dear girl I was about to marry was his own daughter and my half-sister. Oh, conceive if you can my anguish of mind at this horrible revelation ! I was nearly wild with grief, and I am at this writing in a state of great despondency reflecting over the sadness of my dear Lucy, when she is made aware of the truth. I enclose a packet for her, which I wish you in person to deliver. Offer her the condolence and sympathy of a friend. As for myself, this stroke of fate has shattered the hopes of future happiness in which I once fondly indulged. I shall, as soon as I am sufficiently recovered from my present agitation, make application for a transfer into one of the Indian regiments. My mind is so distracted that the incoherency of this must be excused. Advise me as to the result, and believe me as remaining

“Sincerely yours,

“FRANKLIN.”

The letter dropped from the young officer's hand, and he remained buried in thought for several minutes. “Poor girl,” he said at length. “She little dreams of the nature of the revelation which it becomes my most unpleasant duty to make known. If it were another than Franklin, I would refuse to become the bearer of such dread intelligence. As it is, I shrink from bringing distress and sadness upon her young life.” He arose and, ordering his horse, set out for the rectory, dimly visible in the distance, amidst a grateful shade of giant trees.

“Alas ! Franklin enjoins me to offer consolation to the poor child,” said Contense, referring to his friend's note. “What language would the most fittingly impart these heart-rending tidings ?”

He visited the rectory quite frequently of late, and had been selected by Franklin as groomsman for the approaching marriage. When his command was ordered away, he had been enabled to get transferred into the regiment which succeeded them, and in the capacity of a mutual and confidential friend saw much of Lucy.



Arrived at the rectory, he met Mr. Mathews as he was about entering the grounds, and as briefly as possible made known the nature of his errand.

"My poor Lucy!" said the rector, his eyes filling with tears. "How can I tell her this?"

"Be brave, sir," counselled Contense, gravely. "Your weakness will lend fresh energy to hers. Dry your eyes."

The young soldier led the trembling old man toward the house, and on the threshold met Lucy. She noticed the agitation of her guardian, and ran toward him.

"Why these tears, my dearest friend?" she said. "What has happened?"

"Franklin!" faintly articulated the rector.

"Merciful Heavens, what means this? He is not dead? Oh! dear sir, do not tell me that he is dead," she cried, eagerly.

"No, no! he is alive," said Lieutenant Contense, "but—" and he could go no further.

"Oh, God! Do not drive me mad with suspense. Tell me, is he maimed—sick—in trouble? Do not keep me longer in ignorance," said she.

The lieutenant turned away his head that he might not see the piteous agony depicted in every lineament of the young girl's face, and continued:

"His father died last Thursday, and on his death-bed made known to Franklin that you were his daughter. He sends—"

"Father of mercies!" she shrieked, "this is too heavy a burden for me to bear! Save me from—"

The words faltered on her tongue, and she fell fainting into the arms of Mr. Mathews. They bore her to her chamber, and when she recovered consciousness she asked that all be made known to her.

After she had read the confession of her miserable father, and wept over the letters of her unfortunate mother, she fell upon her knees and asked for strength to bear up under the terrible affliction. The Dispenser of all Mercies heard the petition, and with the serene composure of a true Christian woman she submitted with humble resignation to His will.





Merciful heaven, 'tis the miniature of Lucy's mother, and you are engaged to be married to your own sister.  
 Gerechter Himmel es ist das Abbildung von Lucy's Mutter, und Du bist im Begriff, Dich mit Deiner Schwester zu verheirathen.





**Merciful heaven, 'tis the miniature of Lucy's mother, and you are engaged to be married to your own sister.**

**Gerechter Himmel, es ist das Miniaturbild von Lucy's Mutter, und Du stehst im Begriff, Dich mit Deiner Schwester zu verheirathen.**



## CHAPTER XV.

## LADY BOUNTIFUL.

**F**ONTENSE wrote to his friend, minutely describing the scene at the rectory, and after a few days received a reply, in which, after thanking him for the kind office, Franklin says: "Thanks to my clean record and the influence of my friends, I have been enabled to get the courted transfer. I leave for India in about a week, as a lieutenant in His Majesty's 42d Foot. In the exciting scenes likely to be encountered I hope to shake off the melancholy which now oppresses me. Acting under the instructions laid down in my father's will, I have devised all my property to Lucy in case of death. My mother and brothers and sisters are well provided for. No tie binds me now to earth, and the bullet which stretches me a corse will be gladly welcomed. I shall write you again before I sail, and frequently from India."

Alas! poor Franklin! His desire for the speedy approach of the death bullet was not long ungratified. He did gallant duty with his command in India, but, lacking ambition, refused all offers of promotion. The battles of the Allied Powers brought his regiment into active service in Spain, and he fell, bravely fighting, in one of the battles of the Peninsula.

Lucy remained in seclusion for nearly a year, and then, after following to the grave the good old rector, interested herself in works of charity, and became the Lady Bountiful of her rural neighborhood. In active duties of benevolence she found consolation for the past. Her ample fortune, added to the magnificent legacy paid over to her by the executors of Franklin's will, enabled her to dispense succor and relief to many of the deserving poor. She sat by the bedside of the sick, buried the dead, clothed, fed and educated the orphan, relieved the necessities of the needy, and protected the helpless.

And every year she shut herself up for several days in the rectory, which was yet her home. And when it became known that this retirement always occurred upon the anniversary of her intended marriage with Franklin, the simple country folk knew that she occupied her time in prayer and fast, as penance for the sins of her wretched parents.

Long continued exercise of benevolence so spiritualized her face that, although all men admired and paid just and respectful tribute to her beauty and goodness, no one, after becoming acquainted with her sad history, could find spirit to approach her with an offer of marriage. So her life passed peacefully on, and she was revered and respected by all.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

**T**HE trite remark that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction," has probably never found a more striking verification than in these characters and incidents of the olden days of New York, as detailed in the history of the beautiful, erring Charlotte Temple, and the pure, unselfish, yet sorrowful life of her daughter, Lucy Blakeney. The bustling, bartering, matter-of-fact, penny-wise—and might we not say pound-foolish?—generation of to-day looks back through the mist of years upon these sad histories, and generally regards them as mere romances. Fortunately there is left to us one silent, mournful witness of their truth. Enter the main gateway of Trinity churchyard, and turn your steps, O reckless, bounding blood of youth! and you, O petrifying heart of age! direct your steps some three rods north of the brown buttresses of the tower. There, within twenty feet of the Broadway pave, in sight of the ever-hurrying throngs that crowd, jostle and scramble past, in the bustling business of life, lies a long, flat, moss-stained slab. Upon it is inscribed only these words:

"CHARLOTTE TEMPLE."

There sleeps the poor wanderer of the Old Tree House—the rosebud, wasted by the spoiler before it had reached its June.

It cannot fail to strike the eye of an observer that at the top of the stone an oblong space of more than a square foot in area, and an inch or two in depth, has been chiselled out of the slab, leaving a strange blank hollow, apparently once filled with some memorial now lacking.

In the year 1800 Lucy Blakeney had arrived at the age of twenty-six years, and her historian thus happily describes her: "Her beauty, unimpaired by her early sorrows, and preserved by the healthful discharge of the duties of benevolence, had now become matured into the fairest model of lovely womanhood."

At this time, then, the daughter, with filial piety, determined to cross the Atlantic and visit the grave of her mother. In those days the story of Charlotte Temple was still fresh in the memory of citizens, and her grave was the pilgrimage of many a sympathizing heart. Tommy Collister, who had been for many years the sexton of Trinity, had therefore no difficulty in pointing it out to the grave and stately lady in black who one day called on him for his services.

The stranger was closely veiled, and when the grave was reached motioned to the old sexton that she wished to be alone. He withdrew, and



an hour elapsed before she left the churchyard. As she stood in the vestibule of the Old Trinity, waiting while Collister unlocked the door to give her egress, a violent gust of wind tore the veil from her face for a minute, and the amazed sexton saw that the white, pure face was wet with tears of anguish. The strange lady called again next day, and for several succeeding days. A simple unscribed headstone then marked the grave. After several visits, the "lady in black"—as Collister was wont to call her—caused a long freestone slab to be erected on pillars, as was then the fashion. Near the top a solid and heavy tablet of brass, plated with silver, was securely set into the slab. It was probably three inches in thickness, and was thus inscribed:

"SACRED  
TO THE  
MEMORY  
OF  
CHARLOTTE STANLEY.  
Aged 19 years."

Above these words were the quarterings of the noble house of Derby.

It cannot possibly injure any one now to say that the above was the real name of her who rested beneath, and that her father was a younger son of the Earl of Derby, one of England's proudest peers.

When this pious duty had been completed, Lucy Blakeney paid the tribute of a farewell tear to her mother's memory, and sailed for England, where she lived an honor and a blessing to her sex, until the history of her family was closed with the life of its last representative.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE MIDNIGHT MARAUDERS.

**A**FTER the departure of Lucy Blakeney, the number of pilgrims to Charlotte's grave was much increased, but hardly in quality. Before that time it was the tribute of true hearts to humble misfortune. Now much of it was the tribute of weak heads to the impress of English nobility.

However, there was one of the gentle sex at that time, who at least had not to reproach herself for a weak head, nor yet for a tender heart. She never had visited the place, she said, and she never would. Let us name her Mrs. Blank, and her husband likewise Blank. Profoundly wealthy,



severely respectable, savagely moral, and inexorably pious—such was the material and spiritual *status* of the Blank family. Mrs. B. complained that she really felt it unsafe to permit her daughters to pass the churchyard, and she only wondered that Trinity Church would permit that tombstone to remain there. Mr. B. agreed entirely with his partner. A somewhat varied experience inclines this historian to the impression that there is a vast deal of human nature in all kinds of men and women, and that there are as many Dead Rabbits in the highways as in the byways of society.

There may be no possible connection between the foregoing remarks and those which follow; but, at all events, not many weeks after Lucy's departure, on a very dull night, two men were stealthily and quietly at work with drills and chisels, cutting away the lead which soldered the brass plate to the tombstone.

"This is slow work and hard work, Bill," whispered one.

"That it is, Jack. But if it's all solid silver, why then, you see, our fortune is made."

"Provided we get the thing all safe and sure. It's heavy, if I'm any judge."

"So much the better. We can lug it along in the bag easy enough, never fear. Hush!—what's that?"

They paused a moment to listen.

"Nothing!" said Bill. "Now she'll come. Put in your chisel there. Now—raise her up!"

There was a street lamp in front of the church, and as they raised up the loosened plate on its side, the light fell on its polished silver surface, and flashed, from the gloom of the churchyard, full into the eyes of two watchmen, who had just come up Wall street and stopped on the opposite corner of Broadway.

"Did you see that?" said one of them to his partner. "What was it?"

"Yes," said the other; "I saw something that made my eyes blink. Guess it's some of them old Revolutionary ghosts goin' through the load and fire, by way of old times."

"Well, I'd like to have a hand in with them. Let's go across and reconnoitre."

Accordingly the watchmen started across the street, and in the hurried effort to get the heavy plate in the bag and to hasten off, Bill let it fall into the tall rank grass. There was no time to be lost, and the two violators of the grave dodged behind a tombstone close by. The watchmen came close up to the wooden paling which then bounded the churchyard, and stopped to listen and to watch.

They had heard the dull sound of the falling plate, and waited for further developments.

Presently Bill thought of an expedient to get rid of them. He quietly threw a heavy iron chisel up into the air so that it flew out into Broadway



and came down ringing into the centre of the street. Convinced that the enemy was in their rear, the watchmen turned quickly and rushed into Broadway. Bill immediately picked up the plate, shoved it into a large bag, and he and his accomplice hastened to escape by way of the rear of the churchyard.

It is a fact, however, that the plate was not stolen, for it was found the next day in the grass where it had fallen. Bill had, in his haste and in the darkness, picked up a small marble slab, which covered an infant's grave close by.

The watchmen corroborated the suspicion that thieves had attempted the robbery of the plate, and it was thought advisable not to replace it on the stone. Some thoughtful, pious hand, however, subsequently removed the tottering pillars and graved the name of Charlotte Temple on the slab, as it may now be seen.

It is uncertain what became of the plate. Probably it lies away forgotten in some antique chest, along with the old deeds and maps of the King's Farm, over which it is said the spirit of Anneke Jans Bogardus still keeps watch; and probably there it will remain until her innumerable descendants, some centuries hence, succeed in establishing their long-contested claims.

## POOR CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.

### A CHAT WITH THE HEAD GARDENER IN TRINITY CHURCHYARD.

The Pilgrims at the Grave of Charlotte—Who was she?—Mr. Boileau's Promise—The Woman who wrote a Story as Famous as Goethe's "Werther"—Who Susanna Rowson was.

**W**HY don't you put some flowers around Charlotte Temple's grave?" I asked the sexton of Trinity Church one day last week, when I was down there.

"I have nothing to do with it," was the reply; "that is none of my business. You must ask Mr. Boileau, the gardener, about that."

The next day I was again in Trinity Churchyard. There was a throng around Charlotte Temple's grave. They were all men this time. I have generally noticed, however, that more women than men linger around the spot. One of the gentlemen, a New Yorker, who was over sixty years of age, said he had read the story of Charlotte Temple, and wept over it when he was a boy.

"It was fresh then," he remarked, "and no one at that time doubted the main facts of the story. It was well known that such a young girl as Charlotte Temple had been buried in this churchyard, and that she was truly the innocent victim of a young British officer."



"I have heard that she was not an English girl," I said. "I heard a gentleman say that she was an American girl who was misled and deserted by a British officer at the time of the revolutionary war."

"I don't believe it, for when the story of Charlotte Temple first came out, and I assure you it was read by young and old, no one doubted or contradicted the assertion which was made then that the main facts of the story were true. It was said that the names of the actors in the drama were changed, but that the incidents were bona fide facts."

I found the right man. I wandered off in search of the gardener. A man was working at the roots of a young tree near the great monument erected to the brave men who perished in the old sugar house in Liberty street in 1777. He was forking up the earth and enriching it with compost. The base of the great monument is embedded in an exquisite embroidery of flowers and plants with vari-colored leaves. Around poor Charlotte's grave, a few rods off, there is nothing but a curved, hard, gravel walk. A sickly willow (nothing can thrive in that hard, foot-worn soil) is the only plant near her grave. I addressed the man at work with the gardening fork:

"Gardener, why don't you put some flowers around Charlotte Temple's grave?"

He answered impatiently, with a strong French accent:

"What would be the use? The people in this country are not like the people in Europe. They would take everything away that I should put there." And he dug more vigorously away with his fork, and would not look at me; but I persevered.

"I think you are mistaken, gardener. If you were to make a pretty bed of violets and forget-me-nots around her grave, no one would touch them now. The story is almost forgotten."

"Don't you believe it," he answered quickly, stopping at once with his work. "Look yonder. See how many are standing there now, and look on the sidewalk, how many are looking through the iron railing. Do you see them looking through anywhere else? I tell you more people go to that grave than to any other in the churchyard. It has been so ever since I've been here, and I have been the head gardener for all the churchyards in Trinity parish for seven years."

Then I knew it was Mr. Boileau with whom I was talking. He raised himself up straight, and leaned on the handle of his gardening fork.

"All that is done by a romance—a story," he went on. "There is not one word of truth in it either. That is not Charlotte Temple's grave. There never was any such woman as Charlotte Temple. There was a silver plate on that stone, in the spot where you see it hollowed out. There was another name on the plate. It was not Temple. The man who was in charge here before I became gardener told me the name, but I have forgotten it. One night some thieves stole the plate. That was about the time the romance was written. Then the man who had charge of the churchyard put the name Charlotte Temple on the stone, just because he had read the story."



"I don't believe that," I retorted. "I believe it is Charlotte Temple's grave or Charlotte Stanley's."

Mr. Boileau laughed long and loudly.

"You think you know more about it than the New York Historical Society?" he inquired. "You go up there and ask for the principal man. He is a very learned man, and knows Latin and everything, and he says it is all a romance. He must know, for he is a Latin scholar," and with a half-satirical sidelong glance, he began to water the plants.

"A man may know Latin," I persisted, "and yet be mistaken when he comes to look up the facts about old English tombstones in America. The old sexton of St. Paul's tells me that he is sure that this is Charlotte Temple's grave. His wife, when a little girl, more than sixty years ago, knew Mrs. Freeborn, the old lady who lived in the Cherrytree street house, and who gave shelter to Charlotte when she was turned away from Mrs. Crayton's door, and in Mrs. Freeborn's house Charlotte died. Mrs. Freeborn used to tell the story to the little girls who came in to see her."

"Yes, yes; but those are only old women's stories, you see. What is that to a man that understands Latin? Go up to the Historical Society, and see Mr.—ah—What's-his-name?—I've forgotten it, but he knows Latin, and all about the graves here, too."

"I believe that is Charlotte Temple's grave," I replied; "and at any rate it would not hurt to put some flowers around it."

"If you will find out whose grave that is, and make sure of it's being Charlotte Temple's or Charlotte Stanley's, I will put a bed of beautiful flowers all around it and put her name in flowers, in forget-me-nots and pansies in the bed. Now see what you can do."

He walked off, smiling to himself, and began to water some of the plants he had just been setting out. But, circling around, I came back and crossed his path, and as he worked I began again:

"Does anybody ever put any flowers on Charlotte Temple's grave?"

"When I first came here, seven years ago, there used to be an old lady, an English lady I think she was, from her voice and her person. She was an elegant, a handsome old lady, and she was very old. She used to come every day or two whenever the weather was fine. She was well dressed—in black always. She would stand a long time by the grave just so," and Mr. Boileau rested his chin on his right hand and supported the elbow of his right arm with his left hand, in an attitude of deeply absorbed thought. "Then she would put a bouquet of flowers on the grave and go away. Some of the people about here had said she was Charlotte Temple's daughter or her grand-daughter, but I don't believe that," and Mr. Boileau went on watering the plants.

To the New York Historical Society rooms in Second avenue I went to find the man who knew Latin and everything else. I think I found him. He had a very learned look out of his fishy eyes, glancing askint at me from under the half-closed, flabby lids.



"It's no use trying to find out. We have nothing here on the subject. If you go to the Commercial or Astor Library, you can get all that can be found on the subject of old New York. If you want gossip, Scoville's or Barrett's 'Old Merchants of New York' will furnish you that sort of stuff," he said.

To the libraries I went, but not to search according to the Latin scholar's directions. I sought for the genealogy of the earls of Derby, the house of Stanley, and for biographies of Susanna Rowson, the author of "Charlotte Temple." The eleventh Earl of Derby was Edward Stanley, born in 1689 and died in 1714. He had two sons. Lord Strange, whose eldest son Edward succeeded his grandfather. His second son, Thomas, a major in the British army, who was born in 1753. If this was the father of Charlotte Temple, his marriage must have been considered a *mesalliance*, and Mr. Rudolph Irmtraut of the College of Heraldry says that *mesalliances*, accompanied by disinheritance, always cuts off a family from mention in a work of heraldry. He seemed to know a great deal more about such things than the Latin scholar. He said :

"Mrs. Rowson must have had a foundation of facts for her story. It is for us to discover how much—and one thing we cannot get around is the old stone in Trinity churchyard with the inscription Charlotte Temple on it. Sextons are not in the habit of indulging in jokes. Now, why did the sexton put the name of Charlotte Temple on that stone when the metal plate with the right inscription was lost? Was it not because there was a popular belief that that was Charlotte Temple's grave? It is worth looking into. What became of the plate and the old Trinity Church books?"

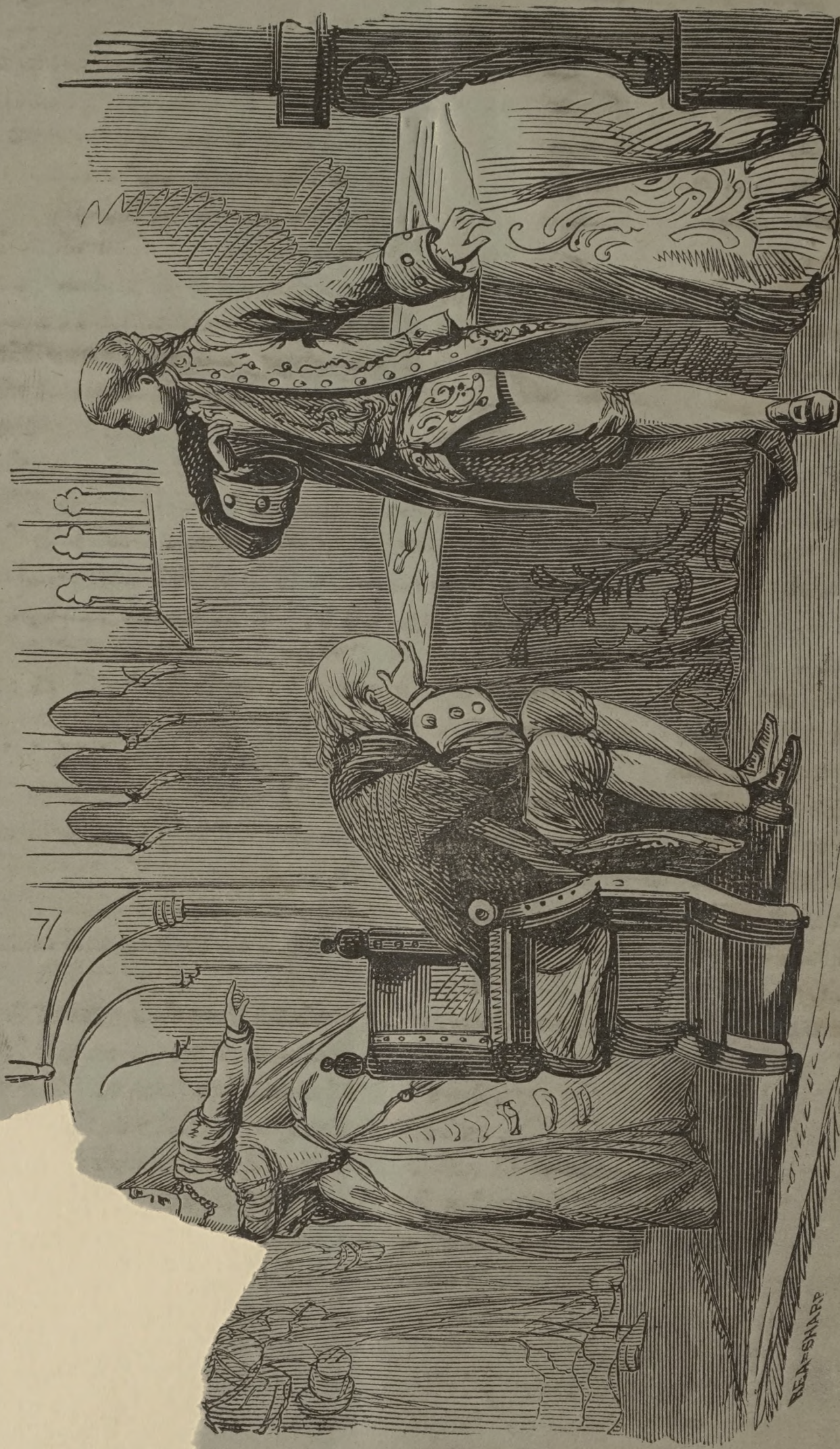
I told him I had heard that they had been burned when the first church was burned in 1776. But he insisted that there must somewhere be some record of the old graves. The weight of evidence, he thinks, is that that is Charlotte Temple's grave, and that she was of some noble family, for, turning to the biographical notices of Susanna Rowson, we found that her name was connected with the earliest literature of this country. She was very successful as an actress, and made her final appearance at the Federal Theatre in Boston. Then she began to teach, and afterward to write, pursuing her career as a teacher and an authoress in Boston, Medford, and other towns of Massachusetts for twenty-five years. She died in 1824, after a life of gentle and kindly usefulness.

From Alibone's Dictionary of Authors we learn that "Charlotte Temple" appeared in 1790, and 25,000 copies were sold in a few years, and it is still published. With the exception of the names of the characters, we are assured that this whole story is "literally true." This is strong language for Alibone, who is generally considered authority on such subjects. The last London edition of "Charlotte Temple" was printed in 1849. The last American one that we know of is that of BARCLAY & Co., 21 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, who will mail it to any address on receipt of 25 cents.









Franklin's friend Contense announces that the marriage cannot take place, and reveals the terrible secret.  
Franklin's Freund Contense erklärt, daß die Heirath nicht stattfinden kann, und enthüllt das schreckliche Geheimniß.